

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]

Outlaw Immortalz
Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swolls
They know you watchin'
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings
Blessed with the gift of speech
The power to reach
Each nigga on every street
May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired
Since the day the seed was planted
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs
Outlaw Immortalz
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue
What lies between is the fiction
Don't fuck around and make it true

[*laughing*]

My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me
Plus my alias is Makaveli
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly
Bust him to see if he bleed
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me
They call my name out and niggas run
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]

They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]

I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal
Glistenin' holdin' pistols
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

[Napoleon:]

My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'
I think these niggas got the game fucked up
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

[2Pac:]

Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

[Mussolini:]

It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

[E.D.I.:]

They call me Idi, from the side of seedy
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy
It ain't nuttin', cause if they wantin' somethin', so I'mma commence
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

[Kadafi:]

My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'
It's like it's me against myself with all these
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

[Mo Khomeini:]

Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]

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Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby
Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)
Makaveli, Hussein, Castro, Kadafi, Mussolini
Amin, Napoleon, Khomein
What y'all really wanna do?
Haha, like them niggas said
"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"
Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga
Flashin on niggas
Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life
But we Outlaw Immortalz
We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever
Like I'll make you famous motherfucker
I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit
My niggas make the papers baby
My niggas make the front page
The gunshots can't stop me, they know [**fades**]

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